

SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

Scene—The church.—The wedding march from "Liebestraum" sounds from the organ and the procession starts slowly. The guests turn their heads toward the door, as though their backs were pricked, and begin to whisper. Two young men in new clothes sneak shambolically from a door in the other end of the church and take their places by the chancel. Nobody pays the least attention to them.



The Bride's Dearest Enemy: "Doesn't she look weird in white? And her hair! Did you ever see such?"

Another Girl: "Well, she's 38. If she's a day."

There Mother: "Is that a real lace veil? I can't see very well."

One Girl: "It looks awfully cheap—and not a diamond! I wonder where they got the money for the wedding? They're poor girls."

Mother: "Don't there something the matter with her father's collar? Poor man! Somebody ought to tell him."

The other: "He—he—he! It's slipped up in his back!"

A Guest: "What's the matter with the collar? They are yawning."

A Man: "They had their bachelor dinner last night. Hot time, I hear."

Another Man: "Look at the old man's collar. Isn't it a sight?"

A Guest: "He had to mortgage his house to give her this wedding."

Another Man: "Where did he get his money?"

A Guest: "Stocks." Say, that first bridesmaid's a stunner. Who is she?"

A Man: "One of the Van Hookes. The bridegroom used to be smitten on her once."

First Girl: "She's pale as a ghost! Tell me, is it true that she was engaged to Van Racquette?"

Another Girl: "For two years. She was perfectly wild."

First Girl: "Is he here to-day?"

Another Girl: "He's the fourth usher—the dissipated-looking one."

First Girl: "They say he's in love with her yet."

Mother: "They're all out of step—he—he—he-hell!"

A Man: "Watch papa try to push his collar down with the back of his head."

Another Man: "I'll bet you ten he does it—do—yes—no."

A Man: "It's worse than ever—ha-ha-ha! The sisters are getting on."

Mother: "The idea of their having Cora Van Hook for a bridesmaid after the scandals—"

The Bride's Dearest Enemy: "That's not to show they're friendly, don't you know?"

The Bride: "He—he—he! I declare, Grace Hilt is rouged up to the eyes. Let's have your kermitte a minute."

A Man: "They say Van Racquette wouldn't come to the rehearsal. Shall weough stand it?"

Another Man: "As bad as that, oh."

A Guest: "I think they're the roughest looking lot of ushers I ever saw. Where did they get them?"

A Man: "Brought to the groom's glass."

"WAN THING A-LEADIN' TO ANOTHER."

T. Jenkins Hains Writes Good Stories of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Mr. T. Jenkins Hains's new book, "The Wreck of the Connaughan," is "a rattling good sea story," as they who use slang would have it. It purports to be "a record of some events set down from the notes of an English Baronet during the American war with Spain." (J. B. Lippincott Company.) Mr. Hains is the grandson of Commodore Jenkins of the United States Navy, and his sea stories have won for him considerable following. "The Wind-Jammer," published about a year ago, was his first successful story of the sea.

The Connaughan was a sailing vessel upon which the English baronet took passage. He was to take a long sea voyage for his health's sake. The Captain, with an eye for gain and a sentiment of friendliness for the Cubans, had arranged to carry a large quantity of war materials, and a number of Cubans from New York to the island's coast. It was a filibustering expedition, in short. There was a spy aboard, however, and he wrecked the vessel. The survivors were picked up by a private yacht, which was the property of a charming young lady whom the Englishman and his cousin had known in New York. The sailors of the Connaughan had nothing to do on the yacht but amuse themselves, and this is a story told by one of them:

Garnett, with the grumbling spirit in every restless old sailor, was holding forth in lugubrious strain on the folly of war. His record was such as to show him much fonder of fighting than eating, although he had a healthy appetite for an old man.

"Serves me blamin' well for goin' to sea again, anyways," he was saying. "I was a good man once. Here I am blown up by a lot of good-for-nothin' daddies, and picked up by a bleedin' hooker full of ledges and brass-bound sangers what calls themselves sailors—no offense, Captain, but I'm pretty bad. I crosses my fingers and spins on my hands five times a day, and what of it? The bleedin' luck ain't changed."

"Git out, ye old grumbler," said O'Toole; "you always was a fine war for good's sakes, an' now you're on a bloody boat. Shut up, ye lugubrious man, ya'll give us all the blues."

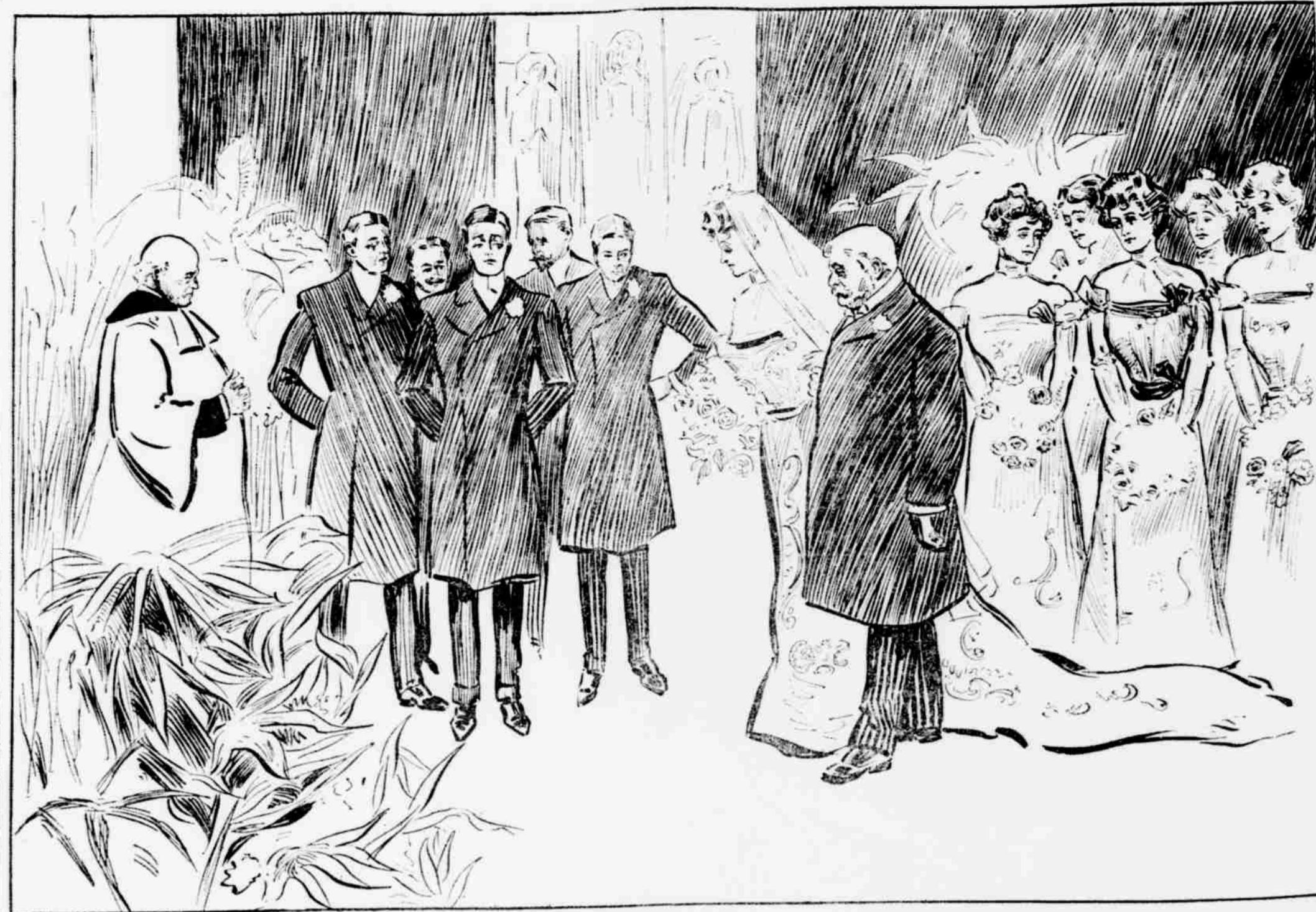
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Then Garnett drew forth his little nickel-plated vest and snuffed hard at the peppermint-pine thereby, while the odor filled the air. Then he rubbed the vest in the top of his head and looked somberly at O'Toole. "You're a divil as wan for fit ledges as the blamin' old man," said Garnett.

"That's what I was," interrupted Garnett. "I was a devil of a hand for good-looking women-folks. Any one of my wives would tell you that!" Here he pulled himself together and sat straighter, looking around him.

"I was a weasle," it called to mind in the morning.



"Now remember to look sad when you give me away, and don't seem to hurry."

or something. The last two look like prize fighters."

The Bride: "They're just about Act 1 through to Act 2. You didn't know? Don't seem to look round, quick! Quick, tell me who's got my wreath on outside the door keeps off my nose when I'm walking."

PAPA AND THE BRIDE.

The Bride: "For heaven's sake, po, get it stopped off my gown—"

Papa: "Pooh! What's the matter?"

The Bride: "Shush! What's the matter?"

Papa: "That—collar button has slipped

down my back and the collar is on around my neck. That's all."

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Second Bridegroom: "But the happiness are superb. Let's hold them up high."

Third B. M.: "Tom paid for you, you know. He's a dear boy. He used to send me such lovely flowers! Do you really think he's happy? He's so pale."

Fourth B. M.: "They're always pale. This is the third time I've been bridesmaid, and I've always noticed it."

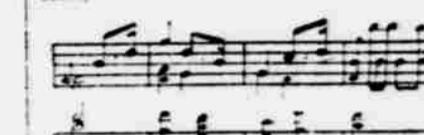
Fifth B. M.: "Look at that little Mrs. Widowton! She's perfectly wild at Tom's marrying Pinky. She had her eye on him herself."

Second B. M.: "Look at Pinky's pal's collar. Isn't it funny?"

Third B. M.: "Have you seen the going away gown? It's a dream!"

Fourth B. M.: "M-m-m. Turquoise blue cloth and saddle."

Third B. M.: "Poor dear Tom! He certainly does look unhappy."



THE USHERS.

First Usher: "Look at 'em all rubber-necking! See, get in step. Left, left, left—left! That's it. You got it. Now keep it."

Second Usher: "Look at poor old Tommy, up there. You'd think he'd lost his last friend."

Third Usher: "Glad it's him, and not me. Say, go slow! This isn't a two-step. Oh, my head!"

Fourth Usher: "It's a terrible mistake to have a bachelor dinner on the night before a wedding. I am surprised that we're here at all. Who took Tom home?"

First Usher: "You can search me, I didn't notice. What's your rush, old man? You're not playing golf. Left, left, left!"

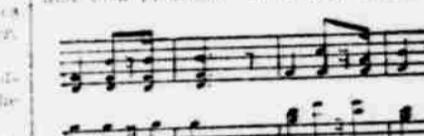
Second Usher: "If you'd only keep off my feet I might—"

First Usher: "If the old gentleman's collar looks like that during the ceremony it'll break up the church. Left, left, left!"

Third Usher: "That's what you get for not wearing them attached. Did you hear the old chap objecting to our turning up our trousers? I guess he thought we were running this thing!"

Fourth Usher: "He made Tom turn his down, but Tom turned them up again. The old man didn't know, you know!"

First Usher: "Just the kind of a man that would wear collar buttons—isn't he? Left, left, left! Get in the game, fellows, and look pleasant! We're near there!"



The music stops. There is a flutter and then a silence.

THE CLERGYMAN.

"This man and this woman having come before me— KATE MASTERSON.

HOW TWO OPERAS ARE REHEARSED AT ONE TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Many of the many who saw the Castle Square Opera Company produce "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" at Music Hall last week wondered how it was done. Not that the performances differed greatly from the meritless work of the company in previous productions, but it seemed remarkable that in one week a chorus of fifty persons and a score of principals could be trained to sing so well in two operas as distinctly different.

To the ordinary individual it is difficult to learn one thing at a time. Yet the Music Hall company does it almost better and more perfect in the light music and merry parts of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera and the homely choruses of Mascagni's composition in seven days.

The other day Mr. Temple, stage director, consented to tell how it was done. There were some technicalities in his explanations, but after all the whole recipe resolved itself into two words, "Hard work." They should be spelt with capitals, too.

"In the first place I had good material," said Mr. Temple. He spoke of the company as the builder of his lumber or the workman of his tools. Every member of the company knew what was expected of him as it is to take part in it.

"On the second day the programme was reversed. The company which rehearsed

"Cavalleria" the morning before watched the alternate rehearsal that evening, and that night rehearsed "Pinafore" before the alternates.

On Sunday both companies rehearsed both operas, and on Monday morning the company which opened in the afternoon rehearsed again. Tuesday the company which appeared that night rehearsed. This was kept up until the end of the week, although the rehearsals were shortened, and some days only a scene or two were repeated.

"These rehearsals, one might almost call them separate companies, had four rehearsals. One

in the morning and three in the afternoon. One in the grand opera, while each had the benefit of seeing the other rehearse. And after the score is familiar it is almost as good for a company to watch our rehearsals as it is to take part in it.

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"These rehearsals, of which I have spoken, included every one from principal to chorus. But the choruses had to have extra rehearsals. These usually took place in the afternoon. Then the music which they sang all have been in one opera, for some days. I gave them all 'Cavalleria,' another I would have them alternate in singing selections from the two operas."

It may be judged that neither the di-

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